

Rustic Overtones, Scarecrow

Hundred miles away, memories stay
That covered bridge where our names are still engraved
You turned to go; I turned to leave
Then you turned to go, and I turned to leaves
In the cool shade of a sycamore tree,
I paint a perfect portrait of how it used to be
When I'm alone my mind it slows
You can paint a smiling face on a scarecrow

But I know myself, I can't be like that
I can't help myself, I will always cry
Keep my frown in a jar on a shelf
Put on my favorite smile
So far away, in my high state

In my head, it's all I want to think about
But I stop instead, I got to learn to live without
It'll be easier in the end
When I thought I lost another I can learn to lose a friend

But I know myself, I can't be like that
I can't help myself, I will always cry
Keep my frown in a jar on a shelf
Put on my favorite smile
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Under a stone in the back, I've grown a flower for you, dear
A flower that's so beautiful it may now be flying up here
I water it every day and I rip out every weed
How could I just let it wilt, but it will for just a seed

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